

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887.

NUMBER 390.

IKE BRADISH'S TEN STRIKE.
His Million Dollar Invention Spoiled by a Great Greedy Fish.

Old Ike Bradish was an inveterate fisherman, and if he had any scientific education would have been an inventor and made his mark—though for that matter he always made his mark anyhow. And while sitting in his boat, watching the sportive bob and silently munching his favorite brand of plug tobacco, his busy brain teemed with enterprises of gigantic proportions. He had always had it in mind to astonish the world with some wonderful production of his genius, for which his unalterable price was to be \$1,000,000. For a time he had endeavored to interest Mrs. Bradish in these plans, but that matter of fact woman was somewhat skeptical of her husband's abilities, and would usually respond to his glowing prognostications with more or less pointed reference to splitting wood or other humiliating chores about the house.

Old Ike had attended a philosophical lecture somewhere, at which the professor had held up a glass tube filled with water, with his thumb over the top. So long as the thumb was kept in place the water remained in the tube, though the lower end of the tube was open. Upon this principle Old Ike had endeavored to perfect a pump which would raise its own water, and devoted weeks to its perfection. At last it was all complete; the column of water was retained in the pipe, and the old fellow's heart beat a regular gallop as he turned the faucet in anticipation of a constantly flowing well. But instead of the water rushing out of the faucet, the air rushed in, and the inventor's hopes sank with the water into the wash tub.

A turning water wheel, that was to be driven by the water it pumped, proved another miserable failure, and for nearly a year the old man was in the dumps.

At last, however, he struck his gait. He had observed that the sports who came to fish dawdled at the cost of boat hire, and he reasoned that nobody could enjoy a day's fishing when they were all the time reminded that the boat was cost twenty-five cents an hour, while hour after hour sped by and they "never caught a clam." Old Ike set the machinery of his fertile brain to work, and at last "struck" it. Observing the greatest secrecy in all his movements, lest some sharper should get the idea and secure a patent ahead of him, he set to work. Days went by, and all else was neglected. Mrs. Bradish fairly stormed at the way "the old coot was allowin' things to go to rack and ruin," but it didn't budge the old man; he stuck to his little shop.

At length, one day the old man issued from his retreat. He had incubated and brought forth a pair of extension stilts! With these under one arm and a long sitting pole and fishing rod in hand he took his way to the sloping banks of the lake. Fastening on the stilts, he began wading out. As the water increased in depth and came nearer his feet he would lean upon his pole and put in another extension. The stilts were made nearly thirty feet high, and when nearly a mile from shore old Ike took a position, wet his lips from a bottle of cold tea, took a fresh chew, spit on his bait and cast in. For fifteen minutes he laughed as though his heart would break, not caring a copper whether he ever caught a fish or not. The thing was a success, and he needn't ever do another day's work.

But at that moment he got a bite! And it seemed as though it must be a whale. He was drawn forward by the struggle of the fish and the sitting pole fell from him.

Luckily some boys in a sail boat, attracted by the strange spectacle of a man sitting serenely fishing in thirty feet of water nearly a mile from shore, were bearing down on the spot, and happily were just in time. They seized hold of the two long extension legs that had been gyrating in the air for some moments and at last found Old Ike at the end of them. He was not dead, but decidedly discouraged.—Detroit Free Press.

The Grant Relics.

The Grant relics, which have been for several months safely guarded in one of the private rooms of the National museum, are now on public exhibition. Recently two handsome plush lined cases, filled with articles from the collection, were placed in the north hall of the museum, near the main entrance. They contained the presentation swords, gold headed canes, caskets, medallions, and many other costly and elegant articles presented by different people at different times to Gen. Grant. Many of these articles are souvenirs of his trip around the world. There is a splendid collection of Japanese coins, one series of seven pieces, old Japanese gold coins of huge size, being valued at \$5,000. There are also invitation cards, menu cards, and reminders of entertainments given in his honor, engrossed on gold plates. One invitation card to a masked ball given at San Francisco upon Gen. Grant's arrival at that city, on his return from his famous tour, is engraved on solid gold, and was inclosed in a silver envelope, with the address engraving upon it. In the right hand corner is a two cent stamp and in the left the usual "If not delivered in ten days return to" etc. The articles shown, besides their historical interest, are of great intrinsic value.—Scientific American.

In the Dim Distance.

Herr Falb, of Vienna, is an eminent scientist, whose contributions to the literature of seismology are highly valued. According to a cable special he has just published a work on planetary revolutions, in which he makes some astounding predictions. The theory put forth by Herr Falb is that the earth, like all the planets in the solar system, is slowly but surely drawing nearer to the sun, and that in the course of time a collision is bound to occur. The moon, in the meantime, is approaching the earth at the rate of nine feet in a century. The result will be to change the tides and the climates. The sea will invade the land, and the final collision will smash up everything. The other planets will meet the same fate, and the sun itself will, one day, be extinguished. Upon the whole, Herr Falb is a much finer man than Wiggins. His predictions are to take effect at such a distant period in the future that they cause no immediate alarm. This is as it should be.—Atlanta Constitution.

C. W. MCCORKLE, Sec.

The Ypsilantian.

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Don't PAY TOLL.—We hear that the gate keepers of the plank road company, in the absence of instructions from the company are still taking toll from such passers as do not refuse to pay. The act vacating the charter from Sheldon's to Saline became a law with immediate effect on the 10th. The company seems disposed to collect toll so long as any can be found uninformed of their right.

THE NORMAL APPROPRIATION APPROVED.—The Normal building bill, appropriating \$60,000, the passage of which was announced last week, has been approved by the Governor, and the funds are available and the building will be begun so soon as the detailed plans can be perfected. The rough plans already made contemplate a westward extension of the present building 50 x 50 feet, three stories high, with a main part 50 x 100 feet and same height across the west end, facing Summit street.

COMMENCEMENT SEASON.—The annual grand commencement season incident to this favored locality, opened with the High School exercises last Friday evening, and will conclude with the unusually interesting exercises at Ann Arbor next Thursday, including, of course, the commencement exercises of the State Normal. The latter will commence at 2:30 to-morrow afternoon, (Friday), with the Junior class exercises, and will conclude with the commencement exercises Tuesday morning. The Baccalaureate address will be delivered by Prof. Sill at the Baptist church, Sunday evening.

A BAD WIDOW.—A woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, arrived in this city Thursday last, and representing herself as a Mrs. Miller, of Lisbon, Kansas, a widow with several children whose home had been burned to the ground, proceeded to solicit aid from the charitably inclined. After collecting about fourteen dollars she was taken in charge by Marshal Cremer, who had received a letter informing him that she was an unmarried woman of doubtful character, a resident of Chicago, and would be accompanied by a Chicago traveling man. The traveling man was found to be a representative of Brown Bros., a Chicago tea firm. The money collected by the woman in this city was returned to the persons from whom it had been solicited and she was told to go and sin no more.

Water-Works Completed.—We have had the pleasure of examining the graduation thesis of Mr. Geo. B. Hodge of this city, who graduates from the University this year as a civil engineer with the degree of Bachelor of Science. Mr. Hodge chose for his subject, water works for Ypsilanti, and his thesis is quite a pretentious volume, containing 100 pages of manuscript and three large drawings, one a very complete map of the city on a scale of 240 feet to the inch, showing buildings, with mains and hydrants; and the others the detailed drawings and working plans for the pumping works and a 100-foot stand pipe.

Mr. Hodge discusses the several sources of supply—the Hubbell site, where Paint Creek crosses the Chicago road; the Race street well sunk by the city last winter; the test well at the gravel pit; Paint Creek on the Potter farm; the Owen well; the river, and Fraim's Lake. All are dismissed except the first two, of which he prefers the Hubbell site, with stand pipe at the corner of Chicago avenue and Summit street. The 100-foot stand pipe at that point gives a head of 28 feet at the roof of the Normal, 166 feet at the corner of Congress and Huron, 169 at the depot, 127 at the residence of John Gilbert, 125 on Watling's Hill, across the river, 203 at the surface of the river at Congress street, etc., and requires a lift of 160 feet from pumping station at the Hubbell site, and 200 feet at Race street. The detailed estimates of cost foot \$88,744 for the former, and \$91,306 for the latter site. The thesis embraces analyses of water, demonstrations of supply, and minute details of every department of the work.

The city map, about 3x4 feet in size, most artistically drawn on tracing linen, is a very valuable one, and ought to be preserved by the city. Its historic value in later years, showing as it does the present buildings, will be great.

Citizens' Association Meeting.—An adjourned meeting of the Directors of the Citizens Association of Ypsilanti will be held at the First National Bank, Tuesday evening, June 28, at 8 o'clock, sharp. All members of the Association are requested to be present, as effect of importance will be transacted.

C. W. MCCORKLE, Sec.

High School Commencement.

The Class of '87—Brief Review of the Orations and Essays—Presentation Remarks by Supt. Putnam—The Class Exused.

If the audience that greeted the High School graduates of '87 was not greater in numbers than that which has gathered to listen to the orations and essays and music of other years, it was because the seating and standing limits of High School hall have been reached and passed in other years and have not since been added to. General interest in the exercises was seemingly greater than ever before, and from seven until past eight o'clock last Friday evening all streets led to the High School building.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. McCorkle, and the petition was followed by LYNN F. KEBLER.

with an oration on "The Value of a Trade." It was Lyman's opinion that the labor problem would be solved should the duty of learning a trade be more generally observed by young men. The unworthy ambition to retain white hands had crowded the professions, and had filled the heads of what might have been useful men, had their purposes been properly directed, too full of weak vanity to leave room for common-sense. The idea that a mechanical trade is not respectable is fast being banished from the mind of this matter-of-fact age, and the influence of useful, active toil in forming and sustaining character is more and more being felt and known.

Men who filled positions that girls could fill, at girl's wages, must expect to be classed accordingly—to be regarded as manly men they must prove their right to the title by doing a man's work.

ANNA L. GREEN.

presented the subject of "Salutations" in an interesting, entertaining manner—giving the origin of the term, salute, originally signifying the expression of a wish of health for another. The forms of salutations in different countries, in words, gestures and manners, were given, together with the salutations in this and other countries for special days and seasons—"Christ is Risen" for Easter, "Happy New Year" for the first of January and "Merry Christmas" and "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" on the greatest of all anniversaries.

A violin duet by Miss Abbie and R. L. Owen, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. T. C. Owen, was then given, and so well given as to win much applause from the large audience. The subject of Fairies was then presented by JESSIE N. HILL,

who gave an interesting presentation of all that is known of these diminutive creations of ancient lore and poetic imaginations. The consideration of the influence of fairy superstition on the lives of the people and countries of olden times, the impress of fairy tales on the literature and history of nations, their origin and relations to religion and mythology, with references to the possible origin in fairy lore of the historically famous medieval war cries, Guelph and Ghibelline, and to the fairies of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, made the essay instructive as well as very entertaining.

EDWARD M'CARTHY.

gave a practical as well as theoretical exposition of "Self-Control." A violent wind and rain storm, accompanied by vivid lightning and loud peals of thunder, was in progress while Edward was delivering his oration, and although many in the audience exhibited evidence of nervousness and fear, Edward betrayed no indications of either, and his apparent self-control assisted in quieting the fears and apprehensions of the timid persons present. The habit of self-control was a most valuable one to cultivate; many men whose talents and attainments entitled them to high and honorable positions, had failed in life by reasons of their giving loose rein to impulse and passion. The first requisites for as successful life were good judgment and self-control; in these qualities no man could afford to fail. He who would govern others must first learn to govern himself.

ADDIE S. GILBERT

presented different phases of a view of Blue Monday. Monday was a day everywhere regarded with apprehension and dread—a day of special toil and activity. Life, however, was not intended to be all calms and seasons of rest, and if we have rightly used the other six days of the week, Monday will bring its peace and pleasures as well as its duties and toil; it follows as the sure complement of Sunday, and if our lives be in harmony with the purpose for which it is given us, Monday will always bring a blessing, never a curse.

A song, "The Scout," was then rendered by Messrs. Fred Stebbins, Guy Davis, Ed. Wallace, Herbert Hopkins, Wm. Kishler and Charles Hendrick and won for the young men an encore, when a pleasing selection, "Away to the Fields," was given.

CHARLES A. GOTTMAN

had selected "Socialism" as the subject of his oration, and it was given in a deep-toned voice and earnest manner. Socialism, under the different names and forms in which it exists, was a danger and constant menace to society and our free institutions. Its method of warfare was with dynamite and torch. With its present limitations in numbers and influence, we need not regard Socialism and its auxiliaries as a foe to be much feared, but it is as a foe that may be long and deepened and that in the course of time a collision is bound to occur. The moon, in the meantime, is approaching the earth at the rate of nine feet in a century. The result will be to change the tides and the climates. The sea will invade the land, and the final collision will smash up everything. The other planets will meet the same fate, and the sun itself will, one day, be extinguished. Upon the whole, Herr Falb is a much finer man than Wiggins. His predictions are to take effect at such a distant period in the future that they cause no immediate alarm. This is as it should be.—Atlanta Constitution.

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broadened by a tributary, and soon became a mighty, rushing river of destruction, if its source be not thoroughly investigated and its course properly directed. "Nuts and Apples," was the somewhat novel title of an essay by Miss

MINNIE PATTISON,

and this essay was as original as its title was novel. Every stage of life was strewn with hard nuts and gnarly apples, but they are not evils that bring no good. When a nation gets all its hard nuts cracked and trees grafted for the production of only the best fruit, it is then in greatest danger of going to destruction through sloth and luxury, and this is as true of individuals as of nations. Our literature is filled with apples that bear upon their surface the bloom of beauty, enticing and attractive, but which at the core, as shown by its tendency and results, is bitter and impure. The national nut that will be hardest for our country to crack, will be that of the liquor traffic; we succeeded in grafting the evil trunk of slavery into the healthful tree of liberty, but the securing of entire prohibition will be a result more glorious than was secured by the surrender at Appomattox.

ROBERT G. BARNES

presented the subject, "Literature with Business," in a very creditable oration. What is more universally slighted in business life than literature, and yet the lessons of literature would to no class be of more real value than to business men. Mr. Barnes gave several instances of men who had achieved prominence and fame through their attainments in literature, after the greater part of their lives had been spent in business pursuits. The avenues of greatness were not open to all, he said, but the possibilities of development and broader and better growth were freely extended to all. Change of occupation is relaxation, while choice of companionship is the highest luxury, and both are offered to the business man in any well-selected library.

"Remember Thy Creator," an anthem composed of the first seven verses of the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, was the next number on the program, and it was splendidly rendered by a choir composed of nine voices, Misses Flora Parker, Abbie Owen and Susie Ainsworth, and Messrs. Fred Stebbins, Guy Davis, Edward Wallace, Herbert Hopkins, Wm. Kishler and Charles Hendrick. The name of Miss

DOBA D. AMBROSE

was printed on the program, together with the subject she had expected to present, "A Flash of Lightning," but by reason of the recent death of her mother she was excused from reading.

WILLIAM N. LISTER

presented the cause of the "Employer and Employee." Civilization, he said, has for its foundation the cheerful cooperation of the employer and employee. Man, although in so many ways dependent on his fellowmen, must yet in the main depend for subsistence and the comforts of life upon the fruits of his own toil and industry, and the privilege and right to do so must be given and secured to him. It is natural and right, perhaps, for labor to organize for mutual good, but an organized strike is in the nature of a destructive conquest, and is in principle and practice dangerous and wrong. The assertion that all men were created equal and must remain, is shallow and mischievous. So far as pertains to relative positions and standing, equality among men cannot exist. The tendency of the times is in the direction of a more humane and intelligent settlement of the matter at issue between the employer and employee than has hitherto been sought or reached. The employer is now asking himself whether he has always been just and true with his employees, and in character little worthy of emulation save integrity. This precept, most important of all, take with you: To yourselves, to your own highest and best impulses and convictions, be true; do not be mere machines, and at the threshold of every action and duty question, how would my teacher act? what would he say or think? Ideals you can and will have, but take the grandest and the best—Jesus of Nazareth, whose life was the world's great object lesson—as your ideal of mankind. I know it is hard to live up to our ideals in all the walks of life, but whatever may be your occupation or position, however humble or obscure, to the duty that confronts you, be true; true to yourselves and true to truth. And now, for the last time in these walls would by them be heard the familiar words, "The class is excused."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. McCorkle, and the commencement exercises of the High School Class of '87 was ended. That they were interesting and enjoyable may be gathered from the fragmentary report of the orations and essays and remarks our time and space will permit our reproducing. The musical feature of the commencement program was arranged and prepared for presentation by Prof. Foote and credit for its excellence should be given to him.

OBITUARY.

Died, in August, June 16th, of scarlet fever, Myra B., daughter of J. K. and E. A. Campbell, in the eighth year of her age. The following lines were Myra's favorite recitation:

"Some day this little life must end below, And last good-night be said before I home."

In heaven no night can come, nor sin, nor tears But Christ, the Lamb, is light through the endless years.

She died in the arms of my heart, thou blessed light, That when death's angel comes I may not fear good night."

We are pained to hear of the death of Capt. M. S. Hall's little boy, two years old, which occurred Tuesday. The child had been ill about three weeks. Burial at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A CARD.

The Ypsilanti Arbeiter Verein desire through your columns to thank the citizens of Ypsilanti for the hearty support extended to them during the State Convention held here, June 14, 15, 16. To Chas. R. Whitman and Clark Cornwell, for addresses delivered, to Pauline and Mary Kicherer for vocal music at the concert, to the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly furnished the necessary assistance to make the occasion a success, and to the Ypsilanti Cornet Band. We can only say that the result of the meeting has placed the society under many obligations to the persons above mentioned and we hope, upon every occasion in our power to show our appreciation of the fact.

COMMITTEE.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887.

A plain-spoken lady we know well,
Fall in love with Sir James Russell Lowell,
But when told he's "matchable"
For nature the "gratitach"!
Concluded the match wouldn't go well.—Life.

A dashing young damsel from Me.,
With a face uncommonly ple.,
Had such cute little ft.,
That young "Cholly" was driven ins.

Young "Cholly" was driven ins.
"Twain" a few hours lay down in Me.,
That I kissed a dear angel named Je.
If she whispered retire,
"Twas too low to be ple,

So I did so again and age.—Life.

Love in a cottage means simply a life-long course of plates for two and daily bread for one.—Puck.

At a Vermont hotel: Guest—"Is there a bar connected with the house?" Waiter—"No, sir; this ain't the season for p'r—Puck.

A poem called "Farewell to Nature" has been written for *Longman's Magazine*. The author is probably preparing to enter society.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

There are very few brass bands in a military parade that can play as many airs as the drum-major puts on.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

It was Desdemona who looked into Othello's face and repeated the immortal words, "Let me kiss him for his smother."—*Whitewall Times*.

Husbands who leave property to their widows under the odious conditions that they do not marry again might as well not die at all.—*San Francisco Alta*.

Wife—"Dear, I wish you would invite young Prof. Y. some day. I hear he is so dreadfully absent-minded; perhaps we will take our Cecilia."—*German Paper*.

A St. Louis paper complains that the streets of that city are not watered. We consider that proof positive that Jay Gould does not own the town.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

The best way to please a man is to tell him what he thinks of himself. The best way to please a woman is to tell her what she thinks of herself.—*Journal of Education*.

"What can be worse," said an exasperated husband in the middle of the night, "than a teething baby?" "You are, John when you have the toothache," responded his wife.

Journalists get more free advice than any other class of people, and it is not strange that newspapers have advice left over which they can afford to give away.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

One of New England's inquiring philosophers wants to know whether Adam smoked or not. Figuratively speaking, we believe he did, and that Eve was the cause of it.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Fethered—"That Skattawbain is a dweefish aww. He's such an aww he makes my head ache every time I see him, wondawing how the daywil he can be such an aww as he is.—*Town Topics*.

He (at dinner)—May I assist you to the cheese, Miss? Miss Vassar (just graduated)—Thanks, no! I am very comfortable where I am. But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!—Puck.

Gourmets at a table d'hôte: "This banana pudding is exquisit. It taste just like strawberries." "And this strawberry short cake is superb. One would think it was made of bananas!"—French Fun.

Sick husband—Did the doctor say that I am to take all that medicine? Wife—Yes, dear. Sick husband—Why, there is enough in that bottle to kill a mule; Wife (anxiously)—You had better be careful, John.

As the act-drop fell Mrs. Galatine fixed her eyes on it and studied it curiously. "You seem to be enjoying the drop," remarked her husband. "I am. Well, I think I'll enjoy one myself." And he stole softly out.—Tid-Bits.

An optimist is a woman with a new spring suit. A pessimist is a woman without a new spring suit. An optimist is a man with a baby one day old. A pessimist is a man with a baby 183 nights young, and teething.—*Somerville Journal*.

A letter has just been disentombed in Pompeii, just where the district messenger-boy lost it 300,000 years ago. The boy is supposed to be still alive, wandering along in the direction of the house at which the letter was to be delivered.—*Burdette*.

Editor—"This poem of yours is a pretty good one, but doesn't seem to contain the elements of success." Poet—"What would you suggest as an improvement?" Editor—"I should advise you to turn your attention to prose."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

"I have a bit of good news for you, John," said a fond young wife. "Yes?" remarked John, expectantly. "Yes. You remember that two weeks ago hot-house grapes were quoted at \$8 a pound? Well, I bought some today for \$6!"—*New York Sun*.

"O, dear!" exclaimed Cousin Jane. "My throat is so raw I can't sing any more. Doesn't singing make your throat raw, Uncle Charles?" "I think," was the guarded reply, "that it has a tendency to make those raw who hear me."—*Boston Transcript*.

Eugene St. Claire—"O, say, ma, I guess it's the chamberlain what hooks the sugar." Fond mother—"What reason have you for thinking so?" Eugene St. Clair—"Nuffin, only I heard pa tell her her lips tasted awful sweet."—*San Francisco Wasp*.

Trees as Sanitary "Pointers."

Trees are often useful guides to the selection of residences. Numerous trees with a rich foliage and rank undergrowth of ferns or moss indicate a damp, stagnant atmosphere; while abundance of flowers and fruit imply a dry, healthy climate. Children will be healthy where most flowers grow, and old people will live longest where our common fruits ripen best, as those conditions of vegetation indicate a climate which is least favorable to bronchitis and rheumatism.

Pines and their companions, the birches, indicate a dry, rocky, sandy, or gravel soil; beeches, a dryish, chalky, or gravel soil; elms and limes, a rich and somewhat damp soil; oaks and ashes, a heavy clay soil, and poplars and willows, a low, damp, or marsh soil.

Many of these trees are found growing together, and it is only when one species predominates in number and vigor that it is truly characteristic of the soil and that portion of the atmosphere in connection with it.

JUNE BERRIES.

WAITING FOR HIS GIRL.

Young Man (to sexton at church door)—"Isn't the sermon nearly done?"

Sexton—"About an hour yet. He is only on his 'Lastly.'"

Young Man—"Will it take him an hour to get through his 'Lastly?'"

Sexton—"No; but there's the 'One word more and I am done,' and the 'Finally,' and the 'In conclusion' to come yet. Don't get impatient, young man! Your girl won't spoil!"

THE POOR MAN.

Tired wife—John, I wish you would bring in some wood.

Husband—I would, my dear but have the lumber again.

Tired wife—You have!

Husband—Yes, the pains up my back are just terrible.

Tired wife—Why, what have you been doing!

Husband—There were no seats left at the ball ground, and I had to stand up.

AMUSING THE CHILD.

The mother of an ingenuous child upturns the other day put on her wraps and called her little daughter.

"I am going out," she said, "and I may be gone all day. You must get Katie to amuse you." Katie was.

gloves for the young lady whose number you get. I hope you will draw many number, Charlie." And then Charlie anxiously inquired if there were any blanks.

KEEPING AWARE OF THE MARKET.

Possible Customer—What does a first-class funeral cost, Mr. Laymeout?

Mr. Laymeout (undertaker)—Why, none of your family are dead, are they?

C. No, not yet, but the old lady has bought a kerosene stove, Johnny's got a new bicycle, and my eldest daughter is keeping company with a Pittsburgh dude who carries a hair-trigger pistol. It's well enough to keep abreast of the market.

UMPIRE AND STRIKES.

Mrs. Bagley—Aurelia, you had better hide that milliner's bill, and I'll try to shave enough off the grocer's bill to pay it. Your paw is greatly worried over his business affairs.

Aurelia—O, may I not mean to say he's going to fall?

Mrs. Bagley—I know nothing for certain, but last night I heard him talking in his sleep about being robbed by a man named Umpire, and about men going out on strikes, and I fear the worst.

Strange Illustration.

A Louisville, Ky., correspondent of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat writes: John K. Fowler, an old steamboatman who was known from the seacock to the mouth of the Ohio, died on last Monday evening at his home in a little shanty boat, on Elm, between Shelby and Campbell streets. The circumstances surrounding his death were very remarkable. For several years past the old man had no other companion than his wife in the boat, which had been beached on the commons. In the neighborhood are still many other such habitations. Mr. Fowler was a spiritualist, as is also his wife. They gave seances, and the whole populace of the little settlement became firm believers in the faith. Being tolerably well off, and very charitable, they were held in high esteem by the poor people of the "Point." Previous to taking up their residence on the river, the Fowlers kept a saloon on Jefferson street, ear Preston, and made a great deal of money. Then they began dabbling in spiritualism, and sold out their business. Mr. Fowler purchased the steamer Little Fairy, and became a trader. He grew old, and a few years ago settled on Point.

The strange part of the story dates back to the summer of 1885. Mrs. Fowler had been sick several days. One evening she called her husband to her bedside, and told him she would soon fall into a trance-like state, closely resembling death; she would not die, however, and her husband must stay by her bedside and admit no one. A few moments afterward her breath grew short, and she had apparently joined the silent majority.

For two hours her husband watched fearfully by her bedside. At the end of that time her body grew warm, and signs of life became manifest. She grew better and finally recovered.

"Yes my dear, I presume I did."

"But mamma didn't say anything about it when I asked her what you did in the war."

"Why, what did she say?" (looking around at the spectators proudly).

"O, she said that all you did that anybody ever heard of was to fool around and get kicked by an army mule, and that now you haven't sense enough to get a pension."—*Dakota Bell*.

NO GEMMAN."

Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, tells this capital joke at his own expense: He says that as he stepped off the cars one day at Jackson, Miss., he was approached by an enterprising dusky drummer for a local hotel and informed that "all geman stop at the Larence house." Another darkey standing near by said: "Dis no geman; dis Bishop Tomson."

A TOT'S LOGIC.

Two little boys were put to bed for the night, and one, feeling more lively than the other, was told by the latter: "If you don't keep still I will ask God to tie your feet."

The power being doubted, the little one replied: "Well, it stuck you all together once; guess it's easy enough to tie your feet if he wants to."

HEER MISTAKE.

A Boston woman shopping for a wrap saw what she thought she would like lying on the counter, and picking it up, said to the clerk: "I should like this one. It is very handsome except for all that common passengererie on the front." "Excuse me, madam," said a voice in cold displeasure behind her, "excuse me, that is my jacket which I've just laid off to try on another!"

NO SALARY FOR THAT.

Texas Shiftings: Irate parent in the door, to his clerk, who is caressing his daughter. "Young man, you are the throat raw, Uncle Charles?" "I think,"

was the guarded reply, "that it has a tendency to make those raw who hear me."—*Boston Transcript*.

WILLING TO RECIPROcate.

A dignified but kind-hearted member of St. Paul's Church was passing along Congress street on his way to church yesterday morning when a sadly inebriated young man who was staggering along ahead of him made a sudden reel and landed in the gutter, flat on his back. The gentleman, after watching with horrified countenance several vain efforts on the part of the stranded individual to get afloat, stooped and helped him to his feet, when his service was acknowledged, in a tone audible to several bystanders, with: "Thansh, old pardy; do's much for you when you're in the same fix."

ALL PRIZES, NO BLANKS.

"We're going to have a glove contest up at our church next Wednesday night," said a sweet-16 miss to her best fellow the other evening: "will you come up?" "A glove contest," echoed the young man, "well, I should say I would. In a church, too. Well, I never heard of such a thing, but I'll be there." "That's real good of you. You see, each one of us girls has a number. We put them all in a bag and shake them up, and then the young men draw, and you buy a pair of

A NOVEL SUIT

A case which is puzzling many of the ablest jurists of Arkansas has just been taken before the United States Court for the Eastern District of this State. A history of the peculiar case may not prove uninteresting.

Some time ago, an agent of the St. Louis Accident Policy Company called on Gen. Bugly, of Little Rock, and implored him to have himself insured against accident.

"I don't need to be insured," said the General, "I am not exposed to danger; I sit in my office all day and stay at home at night; so you see, I am in no possible danger."

"It may seem that way," the president agent replied, "but regardless of apparent security, accidents may befall us."

"There may be some truth in your view," said the General; and then, after a few moments' reflection, he added: "For several years I have been tormented with a presentiment that my left arm is to be broken."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the agent.

"Still," the General continued, "time passes and the accident seems as far off now as ever."

"My dear sir," said the agent, "misfortune is ever distant until it falls upon us."

"That's a fact," the General asserted.

"Now, I'll make you a proposition: If you'll agree to insure my left arm, I'll take out a policy."

"It is not usual, General, to insure one certain leg or arm, but I am inclined to accomodate you."

"All right. Now, this is my plan: Insure my left arm, and if it is broken, pay me \$50 per week until it gets well; and until it is broken, I will pay you \$10 per week."

The agent said that he would write to the President of the company. He did so, telling the President, after explaining the proposition, that the General was one of the most peculiar men he had ever seen. The President, much amused, submitted the matter to the Executive Board. The board, as much amused as the President, accepted the proposition. Regularly every week, during two months, the company received \$10 from the General, and then came the information that the General's left arm was broken. The local physician, employed by the company, sent in his statement to the effect that the arm was broken squarely in two, and the General received instructions to draw on the company for fifty dollars, each week, until his arm should be pronounced well. Six months passed and still the General continued to draw.

The President wrote to the physician and received reply that the arm had not begun to knit. Six more months passed, during which time the General patiently, even cheerfully, drew his money. The board held a special meeting and instructed the President to go to Little Rock and investigate the matter. The high official, upon arriving at the capital of Arkansas, saw that the company's physician

"Is it possible," said he, "that the General's arm has not recovered?"

"It is a fact, sir."

"Did you bandage it properly?"

"Yes, sir; come and see for yourself."

The physician conducting the President to the General's room, remarked, as they entered: "The General is not at home, but his arm is here. There it is, on the bureau. Nicely bandaged, you see. Don't understand why it don't grow together. Perhaps it is made of the wrong sort of wood."

The President immediately brought suit. Able lawyers have been employed, and the result is anxiously awaited.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

The Editor's Waste-Basket.

A rejected manuscript is a spur to genius, and the waste-basket is the true cradle of literary art. Nogentone good work is lost. One by one the old statues are dug up. Why do you find fault with the editor who refuses to buy what he doesn't want? Do you buy an editor's paper if you don't want it?

If you make your bait really tempting, irresistible, indeed there's no danger that your labor will be lost. The editor knows a good thing, and he will bite at it when he sees it. The trouble is that you underrate the editorial judgment; you send the poor fellow stuff that you would toss aside yourself if you were an editor.

This is neither the worst system nor the best.

The crystalized salts as extracted from grapes and fruit; a most wonderful product from Nature's laboratory; the greatest sovereign preparation ever placed before the American public.

Saltwater, Nature's own product, is supplied by the waste system; the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it keeps the blood pure and the brain clear; and fruit; it is a natural blessing to the fagged-out and weary, an imperative companion to business men, ladies and children. Have it in your homes, travel, summer resorts and seaside cottages.

Pause a moment and reflect. What is it that can give commercial value to a manuscript? It is its power to attract readers. If an editor feels that what you write will call attention to the journal and thus make money for him he will be quite ready to pay you for it; otherwise he will

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A Story of a Brave Boy—The Average Girl—Base Balls—Children's Laughs and Other Miscellany.

Outside the Garden Gate.

Two little forms outside the gate, Who hour by hour in patience wait; Four whistful eyes as bright as stars Peeping with wonder through the bars; Four little hands that long to hold Bright flowers, or apples red and gold; Two shrill young voices that would say: "Give us some flowers or fruit to-day?" Only—what little tongue could dare Ask such a boon from lady fair?

She comes! and down the velvet walk Moves gently, and with silver talk Beguiles the time; her comrades glide In pleasant converse by her side; They do not see the eager eyes Who watch them with a glad surprise, To rustic judgment, they must seem Like white-robbed angels in a dream, So fair, so graceful, and so blest In such sweet garden bowers to rest, And no doubt plucking many a gem Which seems so far away from them!

Alas! how oft our mortal fate Keeps us outside the garden gate! Almost we feel we might be there, Wandering amid those scenes so fair; Almost our fingers seem to clasp Bright flowers, that still clasp our grasp Some adverse fortune seems to say: "Tis not for thee; so, go thy way!"

A Runaway Train.

There is a story in the June *Wide Awake* of a boy, the 15-year-old son of a locomotive engineer, who had often ridden with his father and "knew the engine pooh well." Indeed the engineer had frequently let the boy "drive" on a long stretch of straight track.

One night he left "Dave" in charge of the engine on a siding, while he went to supper as usual. There came up a furious wind, and, after a little, some cars shot by without an engine. The wind had started them. Boy, think quick! Down grade! The lightning express is to come that way.

Not oily near. No telegraph wire. The trains are headed together. There is less than an hour to catch those runaway cars and pull them out of the way. No time for hesitation? He springs to the lever, picks up speed, and tears away with grade and wind and steam like a whizzing arrow.

They are miles ahead. The rushing minutes are full of sudden comprehension. He almost sees through the dark, tempestuous night. What set him flying toward that plunge was thought of the lightning express. Now danger takes hold of him. What if he is just too late! The runaway train is in sight! Off steam! No, on again! Let the story-teller tell the rest.

He must slow up, but do it so nicely that, when he does come up with them, there shall be the least possible shock; for here is the hardest part of the business. He has nobody to help him "couple." He must be for the once, both engineer and switchman. He had not thought what a formidable job this was until it stared him in the face.

On he flew, revolving the situation in his head and adjusting his engine with the nicest care, until he was upon the very heels of the runaway; then, with many misgivings, slipped out of the engine-house and crawled along the side of the locomotive and down on the "cow-catcher."

Here, seizing the long coupler in one hand and holding on with the other, he stood watching breathless interest the approaching collision. The suspense was agonizing. The situation was perilous. A gust of wind might sweep him from his place; he might be shaken off or crushed.

He was almost panic-stricken. A dozen times he was at the point of turning back. To his startled ears the air was full of uncanny sounds—the sweep of another tornado, the rush of the "Lightning" just ahead, but he had in him the stuff heroes are made of. The hero, remember, is not he who is insensible to danger, but rather he who feels and realizes, but yet overcomes it.

The "Meteor" drew nearer and nearer the flying train. Dave had used excellent judgment in regulating its speed; for at length it came up with the rear car with scarcely a shock, so that Dave could reach over and drop in the pin.

Then clambering back into the engine-house with trembling eagerness he seized the throttle. To his amazement the train did not stop. Instead of the "Meteor" stopping the runaway, the "runaway" dragged the "Meteor" along in its headlong flight. Dave was horror-struck. He had thought the train would stop at once. He had not calculated what a tremendous impetus all those heavy cars had acquired.

Now, then, the tussle? The train began to slow up. It came to a standstill. Then the backward pull. Slowly they got under way, but the wind and up-grade were against them.

Dave began to be anxious. "The Lightning" must be due by this time. He kept a sharp lookout behind and, whistled like mad around the curves. At length she entered upon the clear straight level line of road which extended clear to Blankton. Dave breathed freer. It was the home-stretch—a good ten mile run.

Hardly had he congratulated himself, when far behind, but unmistakably, he heard the scream of the "Lightning's" whistle. He was going already at his topmost speed. He was making not more than five miles an hour, while the "Lightning" was coming at the rate of sixty. With horror he heard it gaining on him; the next whistle was nearer, and at length when he had made only two thirds the distance the gleam of its head-light came shooting round a wooded curve in his rear.

Out of the very despair of the moment Dave gathered calmness. He turned his back on the pursuing train, he cast no look behind, he shut his ears to its oncoming roar; looked straight ahead, kept his eye on the track, his mind on his duty.

He is almost there—he is there, he dashes past the station-house, across the switch and down at last upon the side track.

It is all right. Jake and Jim are there. They have thrown the switch back in time; and the "Lightning" goes whizzing and shrieking past.

When Jake jumped aboard the

"Meteor," his son fainted dead away in his arms.

Children's Laughs.

Scene: Grammar Class. Dialogue between teacher and Johnnie. Teacher—What is the future of "He drinks?" Johnnie—He is drunk.

A little Indian girl said to her teacher: "We have not prayed for the poor." Her teacher replied, "Well, you pray for them." The little girl then said, "O Lord, bless the poor, and make them fat if you can!"

Little Belle was full of excitement one Monday morning. "Oh, teacher," she said, "we're going to have a Sunday-school picnic and the fare is real low, so everybody can go; idiots, forty cents, and children half price. Won't you go?"

"Why, Nellie," cried her mamma, "I don't know what I am going to do with you; this is the third time you have disobeyed me within an hour!"

"Well, mamma," replied little five year old, "I'm so small, you mustn't speak too much of me!"

Tommy (who wants to prove things that he hears)—Mother, do you think our big dog Lion would save a little girl's life if she fell into the water? Mother—I dare say he would, dear. Tommy (enthusiastically)—Oh, then, do from Topsy in.—*Harper's Young People*.

Little Dot—"Mamma, why don't Mrs. Blank be a Christian like other folks?" Omaha Mamma—"Why, Mrs. Blank is a Christian. She is a member of our church." "Is that being a Christian?" "Why, of course. What makes you think she isn't?" She didn't have any new bonnet Easter."—*Omaha World*.

A Bangor man has two children, a little girl of six years and a boy some years older. Both of them are regular attendants upon the First Baptist Sunday-school. The other day the boy was out playing with some young companions and came home thoroughly frightened, after hearing some harrowing ghost stories. He was trembling all over and did not dare to go to bed. His little sister heard him relate his fears and looking up into his father's face said very wisely: "Papa, I ain't afraid of ghosts. Baptists ain't afraid of ghosts are they?"—*Bangor Commercial*.

The Little Lost Hand.

My hand-in-hand companion. That the years will never restore. The little lost hand 'neath the mosses Will lock in my fingers no more!

As the moonlight all white is the pillow Where rested a curl-encircled head;

And the April winds sigh through the willow.

That waves o'er the little one's bed.

The Master.

That the years will never restore.

The little lost hand 'neath the mosses Will lock in my fingers no more!

As the moonlight all white is the pillow Where rested a curl-encircled head;

And the April winds sigh through the willow.

That waves o'er the little one's bed.

Railroads in War.

That the years will never restore.

The little lost hand 'neath the mosses Will lock in my fingers no more!

As the moonlight all white is the pillow Where rested a curl-encircled head;

And the April winds sigh through the willow.

That waves o'er the little one's bed.

How Boys Buy Base Balls.

Two handsome boys in velvet knickerbockers entered a Broadway sporting-goods store yesterday and asked:

"What kind of base-balls have you?"

The dealer reached behind the counter and produced a placard which read as follows:

BASE-BALLS.

Game-Cock, Snorter, Bruiser, Git Thar, Look Out, Dandy, O. K., Ah! There, Mind Your Eye, Swift and Sure, Champion, Shakespeare, Swinburne, Only 25 cents each.

The boys studied the list carefully, and one said regretfully, "Why you haven't any Bloody Noses?"

"No," replied the dealer gently, "but won't the 'Bruiser' do? All the boys are getting them."

The youths invested in one Bruiser and one Game Cock, and withdrew.

"It requires a great deal of care to make base balls," remarked the dealer reflectively. "It's all in the name. Those balls are just alike—one is precisely as good as the other—but I can never sell a Champion to a boy who wants a Dandy, or vice versa. That Game Cock is a great favorite. The funny thing about the whole business is that the sons of wealthy people, like those two in here just now, always want balls with bloodthirsty names printed on 'em, while the worst tough on the East side will demand a Shakespeare, for instance, and will fight before he will take anything else. It's a perfect freak of boy nature, isn't it? I can tell by the looks of every boy just what column on that placard will supply his wants."—*New York Sun*.

HUMOROUS.

When lads with gripings sore abuse: Will of the apple green partake, Jim A. K. Ginger introduced Will be, to festive Belle E. Ache.

—[Texas Siftings]

Citizen—"Pat, would you be in favor of home rule if you could have it for the asking?" Pat—"No, sor! Yez don't find me a-takin' for nothin' anything I might fight for?"—*Tid-Bits*.

The brakeman who last Winter banged the door

So that he jarred out all the "winders,"

Now leaves it open so we'll catch the roar

And have our eyes filled full of cinders."

—[Tid-Bits]

Sympathetic Friend—Poor John died so suddenly. Sorrowing Widow—Awful sudden. I was entirely unprepared for it. "Poor dear!" "I hadn't a rag in the house that would do for mourning wear."

"John, I wish you would get me a rawhide or a shingle, I want to spank Willie," quoth a St. Louis matron.

"Why not use my slipper, Mary?"

"Oh, I only want to spank him; I don't want to crush him."—*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*

Employer (to clerk)—Can't you get around a little earlier in the morning, James? James (doubtfully)—N-no, I don't believe I can, sir. (Struck with a bright idea.) But I'll tell you what I can do, sir; I can leave a little

"Don't talk ter me 'bout base ball!"

said a disgusted small boy in Harlem.

"De fellers on our street has got er club, an' dey hain't won er game yet.

Dey's no good on earth."

"What's the name of the club, Johnny?"

"De mugwumps."—*New York Sun*

"My dear," said her lover, "I am fired with an ambition to win your hand. May I consult your father?"

"Yes, sir," softly murmured. An hour later he was again "fired"—but it was not with an ambition to win her hand this time. Should the little wheat we have made be shut up by a continuance of the blockade through the winter, we shall be absolutely bankrupt by the loss of two successive crops. This is really the case for exclaiming "O fortunate mercators!"

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887.

PUT UP THE BARS.
We do not find ourselves able to agree with the views of the Detroit Tribune so often as it would be pleasant for us to agree with our neighbors, and we are therefore disposed to agree the more heartily when such occasion does arise. In its Tuesday issue, the Tribune discussed the subject of foreign immigration, and the urgent necessity of so restricting it as to exclude undesirable classes of foreigners, in a manner which we are very glad to see. The Tribune is correct, we are sure, in pronouncing this a problem which must very soon engage the earnest attention of political parties' and statesmen, and that will inevitably become an issue of great and grave importance. The events of the last twelve months have impressed the importance and urgency of the subject upon the public mind as never before, and we believe that the best classes of foreign-born as well as native citizens are prepared to favor just and judicious measures for restricting immigration to such people as give promise of becoming honest, patriotic and useful citizens. Anarchists, socialists, communists, nihilists, criminals and paupers are not such people, and quite enough of those have been already admitted. It is a disease that will become daily more difficult to manage, and the sooner the subject shall become a recognized issue for decision by the people, the better for the country. That it will be an issue to be fought over, there is no doubt; for while there can be little difference of honest opinion among honest and well-informed citizens, there will be no lack of partisan demagogues who will baffle the public mind as much as possible, and array the prejudices of classes and nationalities, the better to handle the classes for their own purposes. All who want to ally themselves with the Johann Mosts and Justus Schubbs, and the Chicago and Milwaukee assassins, may take their position; but the people of this country will be found on the other side.

The Senate amendments to the county option bill have been concurred in by the House, and the bill has been approved by the Governor and is now a law. Once in three years, under the act, a vote upon the question of prohibiting saloons within the limits of any county may be had upon petition of one fifth of the voters therein. The measure ought to prove valuable. We feel little interest, however, in the so-called high license bill. We have little faith in the method, and this bill is a sham anyway. Three hundred dollars, which is the figure fixed by the Senate, is not high license. The House will still struggle over it.

APOLOGISTS of the President are pretty busy trying to make it appear that Adjutant General Drum, and not President Cleveland, was the sinner in the matter of the attempted return of the rebel battle flags. It is immaterial whether Gen. Drum originated the idea or not. The President approved it and directed the return to be made, in equal ignorance of the law and of the sentiment of the country. He had no business to be ignorant of either. It was the worst blunder he has yet made, and has excited more sectional feeling than any other thing that has occurred during his administration. In that aspect it is more harmful to the country than it could possibly be to Cleveland himself.

AND now Prof. Smyth of Andover Theological Seminary has been convicted of believing that the Almighty may give the heathen a chance hereafter, when they have had none here, and his chair is declared vacant. More accurately, we suppose, we should say that the belief he proclaims has been judicially determined to be inconsistent with the creed required by the conditions of the benefaction. The case, however, is probably not yet ended.

ONE lot of gamblers in Chicago got ahead of another lot of gamblers, last week, to the tune of several million dollars on wheat, and little gamblers all over the country share in the loss. None of them will have much sympathy from people who are not gamblers.

FOLLOWING the action of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Missouri, that of Dakota has adopted a resolution debaring from membership in subordinate lodges any person engaged in the saloon business.

Quite Correct.
Allegan Journal.

Dakota has more schools than any one of thirteen states, and twice as many teachers. New Jersey or New Hampshire sends twenty-five states in the number of banks. And yet it can't be gotten through the thick skulls of congressmen that Dakota has as much right to statehood.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

Considering our Grand Rapids contemporary is an administration paper in its politics, and that its party in congress is solid against the admission of Dakota into the union for fear it will cast its electoral vote for a republican president, we are not only surprised but gratified to find such a paragraph in the columns of that paper. If that Grand Rapids daily keeps on talking that way there will be some hopes of its conversion to sound republican principles of government.

A pair of 'em.
Ypsilanti Sentinel.

Wm. A. Wheeler, acting vice-president during the four years of Hayes' usurpation, died recently at Malone, New York. He had been dead to all intents and purposes for some time, but Saturday, June 4th, was the day he fell over and was prepared for burial. Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

The republican party buried Mr. Wheeler in 1880 along with Mr. Hayes and a short shrift they had too. Why should democratic president attend a second burial seven years later and strew wreaths upon the grave?

Novel Designs for Electric Lamps.

"There have been more ingenuity and artistic taste developed in designing fixtures for the electric light during the past year than a half century developed for all other kinds of lights together," said the head of one of the principal electric lighting companies in the city. He was sitting in his office, one end of which was covered by beautiful and novel samples of electroliers, brackets and globes of all materials, colors and shapes.

"The best designing talent," he continued, "in this country and in Europe is being used to turn out just such work as this. Here is a design for a bracket in the shape of a branch of a rosebush. The leaves and thorns are perfectly imitated in brass. The roses are small colored globes. When you turn on the current the effect is indescribably beautiful. Similar designs in lilies, bluebells and tulips have become comparatively common. The natural tint of the flower is reproduced admirably in the glass. Sometimes two or three different flowers are imitated on the same bush, and the effect of a flower garden is produced. Such contrivances are very costly, and are only used for decorative purposes. We can duplicate any designs that the makers of gas chandeliers can invent, and then improve upon them greatly. You see, the electric light will burn in any position. We can have long stems and boughs with the light drooping at the end, like a blossom. Or we can have the lights nestling in a vine running over an old tree, like they are arranged in a \$30,000 piece of work now being made for an English nobleman. Tiny lamps with an intermittent arrangement will be fixed in the boughs of the tree to look like glow-worms. There will be an imitation of moonlight, too, that it is thought will be something remarkable."—New York Mail and Express.

London Is a Big Town.

If any one were to walk one way through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of 2,600 miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through the streets, we shall be struck as much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end of the town. It is fourteen miles one way and eight the other, and contains a population of nearly 4,000,000 people, which is greater, indeed, than that of Switzerland and the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen in Dublin and more Jews in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London that one is not likely to notice the presence of these people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens eat every year 400,000 oxen, 1,500,000 sheep, 8,000,000 chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs and different kinds of fish. They consume 500,000,000 oysters, which although it seems like a large number, would only give, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are 300,000 servants in London, enough people to make a large city; but as this gives only one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the people must wait on themselves.—St. Nicholas.

A Swell Amateur Ballet.

At a kirmess several years ago, the maidens of our warranted best society appeared in peasantries dances before as many spectators as the Academy of Music would hold. Miss Carrie Astor, now Mrs. Wilson, was a principal danseuse. The exploit for charity caused much comment, and it has not since been repeated in town. But a sedulously chosen company went over to Staten Island, the other night, and performed in a still more elaborate amateur ballet. A skilled master had drilled them for weeks, a costumer had fitted them with the requisite dresses to represent milkmaids, Swedes, Gypsies, Hungarians, Italians and lawn tennis queens. The very flower and pride of swoldom were contained in this exclusive troupe of volunteers, and they really made a graceful show. Each separate group had a chaperone, who came out on the floor with them, and stood dignifiedly by while they danced. A thousand spectators gazed and applauded while the merry girls tripped the characteristic measures. The theatrical manager who could command that ballet would make a fortune indeed.—New York Cor. Pioneer Press.

Masking the Sense of Taste.

Dr. Watson Smith, London, reports the case of his own boy, critically sick with dysentery, and the stomach so sensitive that vomiting was excited immediately any attempt was made to administer anything. The doctor then thought of the sedative effect of perfume, and argued that if he could so deceive the patient as to cause the imagination to attribute to the article administered the delicate flavor of the perfume the effect upon the olfactory nerves would be soothed upon the nerves of the palate and stomach.

Some simple diet was given in a spoon held with a handkerchief upon which a delicate perfume was sprinkled. The effect was excellent, and after a short time medicines could be given in the same way, and were retained without further disturbance of the stomach, and the patient rapidly recovered.

This plan of masking the sense of taste through the influence of perfume upon the olfactory nerves may be equally pleasant to adults.—Popular Science.

Dangers to Infants.

Don't wear your babies now. If you must do so, and you live in a city, take them into the country and keep them there until October. They will then be protected from the dangers of cholera infantum and other diseases prevalent in cities during the summer months.—Boston Herald.

In a Burst of Loyalty.

During the Prince of Wales' recent visit to Manchester, a member of the town council, in a burst of loyalty, addressed him to "Bring the old woman with thee, next time!" The prince looked puzzled, and the civic dignitary added, "I mean your mother!"—New York Tribune.

The Red Stars.

The red stars above the ninth magnitude have been catalogued by Mr. G. F. Chambers after sixteen years of labor. The list gives 711 stars as distinctly reddish or orange, of which not more than a dozen are really ruby or carmine.—Arkansas Traveler.

It is said that there are now 2,400 unmarried women in the various foreign lands, engaged in prosecuting mission work.

Caucouche has been extracted from the sonchus oleraceus, a common weed in France.

DR. W. R. BARTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, Huron street, (opposite Mineral House) Ypsilanti, Mich. Calls in city or country by appointment.

DR. JACKIE BROOKER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, corner of Adams and Emmet streets, Ypsilanti. Telephone at residence, No. 45.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST.

Pearl street, near Postoffice, Ypsilanti, Mich.

CARD.—DR. FLORA H. RUCH, RESIDENT and office corner of Washington and Elm streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock P.M.

HEMPHILL, BATCHELDER & CO., BANKERS, corner of Congress and Huron streets, Ypsilanti.

LOUGHBRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American granite. Fine specimens a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flag walks, etc., Washington street.

JOHN B. VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS

Over the Bee Hive,

UNION BLOCK, - CONGRESS ST.

Vitalized Air if desired.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST.

VANTUYL BLOCK,

Congress Street.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary.

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S., L. M. JAMES, D. D. S.

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Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

E. M. COMSTOCK & CO.,

Successors to Comstock & Ebling, dealers in

Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets

No. 30 Congress Street,

Ypsilanti, Michigan.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$75,000.

OFFICERS:

D. L. QUIRK, Pres. L. A. BARNES, Vice-Pres.

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DIRECTORS:

D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES,

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CHAS. KING, S. H. DODGE.

GOOD ADVICE

If you want that Pen-

sion; if you want the very

best Fire Insurance; if

you want a Life Insur-

ance THAT INSURES

and no discount, go to

D. B. CREENE.

F. A. OBERST,

—DEALER IN—

FLOUR, FEED AND COAL

Stationery and all Leading Periodicals. Head-

quarters for Fresh Fish.

DEPOT POST OFFICE,

Follett House Block, Cross St.

Goods delivered to any part of the city.

PURE ICE CREAM

Manufactured from the

Best Sweet Cream

—BY THE—

Ypsilanti Creamery Company.

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Orders for cream for socials, par-

ties, picnics or for private consump-

tion promptly filled.

—

Orders left at E. Washburn's

Restaurant will be filled at whole-

sale prices.

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STEPHENSON,

The Photographer,

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in comparison with the multitude of low test, short weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

345-96

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Serofila, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Serofila, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am well and strong as ever.—

William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a soreness in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it is the best of blood purifiers.—

C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation of the left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, nor ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sycamore Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Serofila. She was weak, and of the kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a physician, I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had taken the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier

Don't Wait!

This Great Great Medicine is the cheapest and best. 120 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for \$1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst skin disease, from common pleases to the most awful disease Serofila.

SULPHUR BITTERS is the only one we would think it derogatory to speak of our wives or mothers as

AN ENTERPRISING, RELIABLE HOUSE.—Frank Smith can always be relied upon, not only to carry the best stock of everything, but to secure agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure every affection of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free. I being charming, clever, or beautiful "woman." But none of us, unless he ugly and hateful,

but I couldn't help it. Everything went wrong with me, and I thought I hadn't a friend in the world; dyspepsia caused this, and for months I couldn't eat anything, and just suffered in misery till I used Sulphur Bitters. Three bottles cured me.—Dr. Lewis, 22 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass.

9091

was speaking in anger or in strong rebuke, would address either his mother, or his wife, or his sister as "woman," and strange to say, this prejudice does not

ALLEN'S ALUMINA SALVE.—The

titles come direct from U. S. Government

for the use of

BLUE PILLS

formulary, they are dead.

BITTERS

formulary, they are dead.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887.

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THE NEW silver vaults in the treasury building at Washington will not be completed for several months. Meantime the department officials find themselves embarrassed by a lack of facilities for the storage of the constantly increasing accumulation of silver dollars.

A FARMER living near Panama was recently, while returning from work in the fields, surrounded by an electric flame, which burned off part of his hair and beard, consumed one eyebrow, and played other fantastic tricks with him. He suffered intensely, but is recovering under medical treatment.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL GRAY, of the Grand Army of the Republic, is busily engaged in issuing to all the posts in the country an important document in the nature of a dependent pension bill whose passage will be urged upon the next Congress. It was drafted by the National Pension Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic.

THE CHAMPION hailstone story comes from Roumelia. A Philippopolis dispatch states that hailstones strangely shaped, pointed, and weighing over a pound each recently on the south slope of the Balkan Mountains, which destroyed the harvests, killed many laborers and cattle in the fields, and pierced the roofs of houses like bullets.

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An Old Woman Speaks.

I think that this world would not be half as bright. In fact it would be rather drear, if, as we passed through it, we never could find poor soul to be good to, my dear. Some poor soul to be good to, my dear. Is a blessing of blessings, that's clear; For to keep the heart warm there is nothing else. Some poor soul to be good to, my dear.

—Margaret Ewing.

MRS. HANCOCK'S BOOK.

General Hancock's widow, who is at present staying with friends in Yonkers, N. Y., has written a book. It is a volume of reminiscences of the eventful life of her husband, told by her at the solicitation of her friends. She has been engaged upon it a year, and it will be given to the public in a few weeks. The number of pages will be about 500, and the printing will be in the same type and of the same general character as the *Grant Memoirs*. A glance at the manuscript, which has kindly been permitted by the publishers, Charles L. Webster & Co., shows that the author has dwelt particularly upon the domestic life of the General in simple style, but most entertainingly, and has told many new facts in his career.

The narrative opens with the beginning of their married life, and then relates at length their experience in Florida, where the General was sent in 1856 to fight the Seminole Indians, and where Mrs. Hancock was the only woman at the post. An account of the General's ride of 2100 miles on mule back from Fort Leavenworth to California, earlier in life, is also given, with extracts of the journal he kept on the trip. In 1857 they came North from Florida, and spent several months in Washington. A graphic picture of the social life of the capital at that time and some interesting persons are given. "Miss Harriet Lane, mistress of the White House," says Mrs. Hancock, "with her personal charms and courtly manners, was a universal favorite, and did great credit to Mr. Buchanan's administration. Mrs. Davis, wife of the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, whom I well remember, was endowed with many remarkable qualities that made her eminently fitted to be a presiding genius, and her entertainments brought together the most cultivated class of Washington society. Mrs. Joe Johnston was another shining light in that great capital, a person of unusual intelligence, quick at repartee, which made her most fascinating in conversation. Her charming reunions are long to be remembered by those who were admitted in this charmed circle. Our happiness that winter was complete when we left Washington with sincere regret and the most agreeable impressions. How well I remember General Robert E. Lee, then a major, who was stationed there at that time. He was the beau ideal of a soldier and a gentleman."

AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

In marked contrast to these days is the account of how Mrs. Hancock found Washington at the outbreak of the rebellion, when her husband had just been made a general. She writes:

"In accordance with my husband's wishes I took a house in Washington for the winter, that I might readily reach him in case he were wounded."

"He was not without his faults, nor was he incapable of enemies. On the contrary, with his peculiar temperament and a frankness thoroughly characteristic, his intentions and motives were many times misunderstood. When at fault himself he quickly made amends. In concluding my recollections I wish to say, if nothing more could be claimed for my husband other than his devotion to duty and strong principles of liberty, which he had the moral courage to proclaim in face of political fanaticism—these constitute a remembrance worthy of this perfect soldier, patriot, husband and father, from the beginning of his eventful career until the hour in which he was called upon to yield up his pure soul to God."

S. S. in Philadelphia Press.

Wealth of the Presidents.

Pierce left \$50,000 and had no one to inherit it.

James Monroe died in New York insolvent.

Buchanan left over \$250,000 to his nephews and nieces.

Martin Van Buren did not save much out of his salary, but left \$300,000.

Adams was poor, but by his wise, able management he never suffered want.

Fillmore left the White House a poor man, but by a second marriage became wealthy.

James K. Polk left about \$150,000. As he had no children Mrs. Polk received it all.

Of the earlier presidents Washington was the wealthiest. At his death his estate was valued at \$500,000.

When Jefferson entered the White House he was a wealthy man, but he lost all his property and died insolvent.

John Tyler went to the White House a poor man, but he managed to save enough out of his salary to live in comfort.

President Arthur was a very high feeder and spent a great deal of money on his table, but he managed to save about \$100,000.

Andrew Jackson was counted a rich man in his day. The Hermitage, which he left to his adopted son, is now the property of the state.

When Andrew Johnson left the White House he had about \$150,000, a good deal of which was lost by the failure of the Freedmen's bank.

Mrs. Hayes ran the financial end of the house during Hayes' administration, and that she is a financier is proved by the amount saved out of his salary.

Garfield was not in office long enough to save much money. He left about \$40,000, and the gifts Mrs. Garfield has received have made her a wealthy woman.

Madison was a wealthy man when he became president, and left a handsome estate, which Mrs. Madison's son, Payne Todd, squandered and left her a poor woman.

Had no Price.

"Every man had his price," said a Fourth Ward philosopher.

"Have you?" inquired an individual who was leaning on the counter waiting for his beer.

"I'm afraid not," was the mournful reply. "Last fall I told er feller that I'd vote for him if he'd treat to a five-cent swig of red snicker, an' hanged if he didn't refuse—said my vote woun't be five cents, b'gosh! Then I told him if he'd git me the stump of the two-for-a-nickel cigar he wuz a-smokin' I'd use my flooence for him at the polls."

"And wouldnt he do it?"

"Now!"

"Well you showed you had your price."

Fudge! When er feller can't sell himself at my figgers, its purty plain that he hain't got no price at all."

—Drake's *Traveler's Magazine*.

FOR THE LADIES.

Importing a Wife—Wife and Husband—Things Women Want to Know—Gossip, Fashion Notes, Etc.

Human Love.

There is a story told In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold, And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit. With grave responses listening unto it: Once, on the errands of his mercy bent, Buddha, the holy and benevolent, Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look. Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook, "O son of peace," the giant cried, "thine fate is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate." The unarmed Buddha, looking with no trace Of fear or anger, into the monster's face, In pity said, "Even thee I love." Lo! as he spoke the sky-tall terror sank To hand-breadth size—the huge abhorrence shrank Into the form and fashion of a dove, And where the thunder of its rage was heard, Circling above him sweetly sang the bird— "Hate hath no charm for Love," so ran the song, "And peace, unsweped, conquers every wrong."

The Senator's Daughter Marries a Young Editor.

Miss Dolph's beauty has never been disputed, and she has been an acknowledged belle in official society, where there are always pretty young women each season. She has been happy in the number of friends, and has been termed a popular girl. Some of her girl friends have frankly expressed surprise because, as they said, she did not marry money or position. One young woman, more outspoken than the others in her set, exclaimed: "Oh, Agnes, why do you marry a poor young journalist? Why don't you wait and marry a Senator, somebody worth while?" Miss Dolph, though "finished" in fashionable New York school, still holds to the breezy, Western prairie off-hand manner of the Oregon-born girl.

"Marry a Senator!" she retorted, with vim in her voice. "Marry a man as old as my father, and one I don't care for! You know Senators are old men, or most of them are. Young men don't get in the Senate. When my father and mother were married he wasn't a Senator. His chances were no better than that. Mr. Nixon's are now. Now, you may wait and marry an old Senator if you want to. I'll take the poor young journalist now, and we will wait together for the Senate or any other good place we can get." Then, in a graver tone, she added: "You see, Mattie, I care more for him than for money or position."

Few Washington journalists have married daughters of men in official life. Young men often called news paper men are too busy to give much time to society. As a rule they are not in the "set" of society men, and have no opportunity to meet society girls. Several years ago Howard Carroll married Miss Sturin, whose father was a member of the House at the time. Later L. C. Crawford married the daughter of Representative Joyce of Vermont. Miss Joyce was a beauty, not unlike Miss Dolph in the style of being tall and a brunnette. As Mrs. Crawford she is still a fine-looking woman, and clever, too. Miss Dolph has much independence and strength of character that will serve her well as the wife of a "poor young journalist."

—Washington Letter.

Wife and Husband.

Wife (returning from church)—How beautifully the choir sang "One More River to Cross!" Husband—Yes, and that reminds me that I have an engagement in Hoboken this afternoon. —New York Sun.

The following conversation was overheard by a Tid-Bit representative: Wife—John, I want seven dollars for a dog collar. Husband—Seven dollars! You must be crazy. All I pay for my collar is twenty-five cents. Wife—Yes, John, but you're no dog.—Exchange.

"James," said a Michigan street wife to her husband, "what's this anti-property association I read about in the newspapers?" "It's a 'society to make us poor folks rich.' And what'll happen to the folks that are rich now? They'll all be made poor."—Buffalo Courier.

Wife (indignantly)—Albert, here is a letter I found in your pocket. It is signed Mabel, and is, I must confess, the most sickening missive I ever read. Oh, you horrid monster! I will tell mother all about it. Hubby—But, my dear, have you looked at the date? Wife—No, but I will. Why, it is dated Nov. 1, 1883. Hubby (with a look of triumph) Yes, darling; one of the loving letters you wrote me before we were married.—Judge.

Advice to Wives and Husbands.

Remember that you are married to a man, and not to a god; be prepared for imperfections.

Don't flatter yourself that you know more than your wife until you have got home from her funeral.

Madison was a wealthy man when he became president, and left a handsome estate, which Mrs. Madison's son, Payne Todd, squandered and left her a poor woman.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Don't try and fool your wife about drinking unless you happened to marry an idiot. Then it isn't worth while to do so.

Don't be too friendly with your prospective son-in-law. He may think you intend to live with him after he is married.

Never tell your wife how much better some other women dresses unless you have more money than you know what to do with.

Let him know more than you do once in a while; it keeps up his self-respect, and you will be none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible.

And wouldnt he do it?"

"Now!"

"Well you showed you had your price."

Fudge! When er feller can't sell himself at my figgers, its purty plain that he hain't got no price at all."

—Drake's *Traveler's Magazine*.

Shirred and belted round waists are in fashion again for thin materials.

Silk is again superseding woolen materials for rich visiting costumes.

For midsummer house dresses the Scotch ginghams and plaids are used. Gimp and other fancy-woven dress trimmings are steadily growing in favor.

Ivory white satin and faille Franche are equally favored for wedding dresses.

Cottage shaped bonnets of smooth Milan or lace-like straw are worn by elderly ladies.

Children's hats have very wide brims, made wider in front and on the sides than in the back.

Among revivals in dress goods is museline de laine in combination with figured textures.

The tailor-made costume is still favored for brides' traveling dresses, but is much less severe than formerly.

Very low-cut shoes are once more favored for evening dress, and they may be black or match the dress in color.

Things Women Want to Know.

Two hundred and sixty-two pairs of twins were born in Chicago during 1886.

Queen Victoria is said to have astonished people at Aix-les-Bains by her dowdy appearance.

The average age of European girls when they marry, according to a German statistician, is twenty-six years, while that of men is twenty-eight.

Recent statistics go to show that there are probably as many men in the world as there are women. In Europe the women are in excess, but in India the preponderance is the other way.

Susanna Salter is quoted as an illustration of the possibilities for women in Kansas. She is the wife of a prosperous lawyer, the mother of four lusty children, Mayor of the town of Argona, and only 27 years old.

Two young belles appeared at a Boston dinner a few days ago with serpents apparently tattooed on their arms instead of bracelets and a circle of strawberries and strawberry leaves round the neck, exquisitely done, both as to color and drawing, and producing a striking effect. Though it resembled tattooing, it was, of course, some thin substance excellently painted, and made to adhere to the skin.

A woman who does sewing for tailors writes on the difficulty of existing on the small wages she receives, giving as an instance of the work that it takes nearly 40,000 stitches to put the ordinary top coat together. The body of the coat I found required 4,750 stitches; the collar, 8,000; sewing the collar on, 1,700; the button-holes, 2,520; the sleeves and lining, 980; the pockets, 924; the silk lining of body, with wadding in interior, 17,863, and the braiding, 2,720. A total of 39,629.

People who know, estimate Dr. Mary Putnam Jacob's medical practice at about \$25,000 a year, which is probably as large an income as is enjoyed by any physician of the other sex in New York. Dr. Jacob's theories with regard to the objective method in the education of children which she has put forth in several magazine articles, are put to practical test in the training of her daughter, the children of her servants, and all other little folks within her influence. The results are said to be phenomenally successful.

Gossip for the Ladies.

A Welsh proverb mentions three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and brook flood.

The *Bombay Gazette* employs sixteen women compositors and one woman proof-reader. Who says the world is not moving?

Even English writers in English papers assert that the Americans are the best dressed women at the Queen's drawing-rooms.

Three ladies strolling in the woods near Mendocino, Cal., jumped a deer and their dogs caught it and held it until they cut its throat.

Breach-of-promise suits are unknown in Kansas. The girls out there do not depend on credit. They do not consider themselves engaged until they are married.

The law of Wyoming allows women to vote. It goes still further. It especially provides that there shall be no discrimination on account of sex in the pay for any kind of work.

A London shopkeeper was recently fined under the new act of Parliament for keeping two of his girls at work for ninety-seven hours in a week—sixteen hours a day, that is, for six days running.

A girl living near Fargo, Dak., has eight offers of marriage. Four more girls have recently moved in, and the bachelors in that region will now have more chance to distribute their attentions.

A discussion is at present going on in select circles as to which are the happier couples, those with children or those without. We hesitatingly array ourselves on the side of the olive branch, says an exchange. A home without children is a cloister.

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Novelties in Jewelry.

Compass charms are in demand again for gentlemen.

A small rustic branch twined with forget-me-nots makes a pretty pin.

A fern leaf covered with a dew of clustered diamonds is one of the most graceful of pins.

A coil of black oxidized silver, with a diamond in its center, is one of the newest scarfs.

A silver handled riding whip, with a gay-colored lash, is something that every fair equestrienne should have.

Large opals in combination with diamonds and other stones are used in the gorgeous insect pins now so popular.

A mosaic heart pendant of forget-me-not pattern, lately seen, was suspended from a bow-knot of the same style.

Among seasonable novelties is the strawberry pin, of clustered rubies, the gold setting representing the seeds very faithfully.

A very popular scarf or bonnet pin is the horse-shoe set with two rows of gems, one of rubies or sapphires, the other of diamonds.

Heirs to Fortune.

A Great India Estate Going to San Francisco Parties.

A San Francisco dispatch states that two wholesale butchers of that city have been thrown into great excitement by news that they had fallen heirs to a great estate in India.

Kaufman Wertheimer received a letter from his sister in Baden, Germany, informing him that he and his immediate relatives were heirs to \$30,000,000.

Mr. Wertheimer was seen and confirmed the story, which at first sight looked like a canard.

He said: "Here is a letter which I have received from Germany

from a cousin of mine. It states that the German Embassy in England has succeeded in inducing the British India Government to recognize its claim to the estate of Leopold Mayer, who died intestate

The Ypsilantian.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.	
FROM YPSILANTI.	TO YPSILANTI.
Mail	Mail
F'r'gt* and ex.*	and ex.* F'r'gt*
6 30am 9 00am	Ypsilanti 5 10pm 4 00pm
7 10 9 18	Pittsfield 4 45 3 05
7 25 9 29	Saline 4 45 3 05
8 15 9 45	Bridgewater 2 25
10 08 10 03	Manchester 4 10 2 00
10 35 10 30	Windsor 3 15 11 20pm
11 20 10 30	Brooklyn 3 45 11 20am
11 52 10 44	Woodstock 3 30 11 02
12 30pm 10 50	Somerset 3 20 10 50
1 15 11 55	S'nt' 2 25
2 58 11 16	Jerome 3 09 10 00
3 30pm 11 25	North Adams 2 58 9 25
6 00pm 11 25	Hillsdale 2 40pm 8 30am
5 05	Coloma 2 25am
5 40pm	Toledo 5 35am
3 30am	Cleveland 5 35am
	Buffalo 11 40pm

*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only.

†Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only.

‡Daily except Sunday.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

Interesting Description of the Ypsilanti Party's Voyage—Whales, Icebergs, Fiery Sermons and Concerts.

Four great steamers left New York's delightful harbor on the morning of the 28th of May. The Arabic, on which sailed John Wicker, one of Ypsilanti's former children, now in his young manhood hastening toward his Mecca for many years, a school for art study in Paris. Here he expects to remain five years; success to him! The La Bourgogne and Etruria with friends of ours similarly bound—and lastly our own Furnessia, the largest and staunchest steamship that enters Glasgow.

Before we were fairly out a brisk shower drove us under shelter, which we fear was more conveniently reached by ourselves than by our many friends on shore. Mr. Ben Joslyn was the last familiar face as we left our moorings, and soon the misty rain shut off even the great Goddess' uplifted arm from view, and one by one we left behind the homes and soil of native land. We found we had on about 150 saloon and 300 intermediate and steerage passengers on board—not heavily laden, and with room and comforts for every creature. There being but little motion to the boat it was not until the second day, that we felt an inward realization that we were afloat and all our party were obliged to pay tribute to the god of the sea. However this soon passed away, and remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, we left the comfortable deck, and our gazing on the calm gray-green waves, for as yet there was no blue sky over head, to descend to the saloon for divine service.

The Rev. Dr. Kerr, an Irish Methodist clergyman, preached a fiery sermon and Rev. Mr. Mac Lean read from the Scriptures. Songs were sung by all from Sankey's collection. When arranging for the services, the evening before, Dr. Kerr had interviewed my husband and invited him to assist, proposing him to be Rev. Mr. Mac Lean, as printed in the ship's passenger list.

On Monday our steps were still uncertain, and as the bell sounded for meetings, we felt strongly tempted to let well enough alone and remain on deck gazing out on the interminable horizon line, that with every swell of the waves sank to rise again above the ship's rail.

On the third day Mr. King and myself felt repaid for refusing to go to lunch by the sight of a veritable whale, and the others returning bewailed their determination to "go to every meal." We had seen schools of dolphins repeatedly, but at the news, "See a whale, it spouts," every one on deck rushed to the front for a sight of the monster of the deep. Our passengers are of every nation and every age, from the baby of four months. Indeed it is quite surprising to see how many children we have on board, some ten babies in arms, whose nurses are often too sick to be of any use, and the mothers have sorry times enough.

There are plenty of romping ten-year-old boys and girls, who behave wonderfully well in their limited quarters, and have very generally escaped the dreaded mal de mer. There is a party of 19 from Chicago on board, who are very enjoyable. Four couples of young people on their wedding tours, who are "happy as the day is long." From Toronto sail six young graduates, each with a fresh M. D. after his name, bound for experience in the London hospitals. The brightest one of them all I call our Rob Roy, as he has been of great assistance in looking after our comforts. Kind, obliging, gay and attractive in spite of his auburn hair, he has only to fight for, or rob us, to prove his right to the title. Those from nearest home are a gentleman and his daughter from Detroit, friends of our Mrs. Sherman at home.

Let no one be discouraged because the years of youth and middle life are passed without a trip to foreign lands. It has pleased me much to note that we have a large number of passengers at least sixty years of age. One of these has been many times, and chaperoned others even to Palestine. The very north of Scotland and the black forests of Germany are about the only fresh roamings she can have for the summer. One of our most attractive passengers is another gray haired lady of St. Paul, Minn., who is starting on her fourth year of foreign travel alone. With her husband she has traveled over twenty-eight states of her own country. He is a dealer in real estate and surely he ought to know something about it from their combined experience. Anyhow, this little woman appreciates her husband's very generous letters of credit by writing to him every day and if her letters are as original as herself they will be a tonic for all his weary hours.

May 31st. We are now closing our fourth day out. It has been a very foggy one, with the fog horns continuously booming. We travel on the average about 300 miles per day—are now over 1000 miles from home, taking a more southern course than usual on account of the unusual prevalence of icebergs this time of year.

June 1st. I awakened at six o'clock this morning, on hearing the officer in the hall talking of ice bergs just in

sight. I dressed most hastily and rushed for the upper deck, and was delighted with the sight of them, if they must be on our horizon—praying however that we may be spared a nearer approach. Grand they were, and at a distance of two miles away they seemed like irregularly formed mountains, but with one terminal peak, higher, colder, whiter than the rest, snow-capped as it were. So early in the morning the sun was not shining on them brightly, yet they were light with liquid clearness through their blue coned sides. After breakfast we have a few flakes of snow by way of accentuating the extremely cold temperature and find a fog again settling down and hugging close to our vessel. Yet, somehow, "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," even amid the surrounding dangers I seem to feel that we are safely held in the hollow of His Almighty hand. The day passed comfortably, though the heavy swells are making considerable progress. The evening was noted for a novel lecture on Ireland, by Dr. Kerr. The Emerald Isle is viewed by him as a happy, prosperous country.

Thursday. Cold and clear with hours of bright warm sunshine and we look out on the bluest sea we have yet seen, with white caps on every wave. Two full sized ships resolve themselves at the cry of "a sail," and welcome they were on the near horizon. Towards night, at dinner hour, the waves dash heavily against our port holes and they grow higher and higher, till the angle of comfortable and graceful carriage is far past. We are not sick, but we hold each other up, as we pass by, and query, what will the night bring.

Friday. Well the night brought increased discomfort and much havoc among our belongings, but still not a storm as the threatening clouds had indicated. All day long it was scarcely possible to keep seated, so disastrous were the sudden lurches of the ship. At lunch, in one of these unfortunate moments, my husband found himself literally laid under the table. He declares he shall always remember this unlucky Friday. Matters had not much improved when 8 o'clock, the hour for our concert arrived. However, all were amiable in rendering each other assistance to maintain a proper decorum, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the evening. The collection, taken up by four young ladies representing four nations, (Miss Lucile, America), amounting to about \$30, was given to the Life Boat Service.

Capt. Hedderville sang the solos of the closing number of our program, "Auld Lang Syne," while all with interlocking hands to the full length of the saloon joined in the swinging chorus. Instantly thereafter three cheers were given for "Our Captain" with the full chorus, "For he is a jolly good fellow." My husband was requested by the passengers to give a vote of thanks for the entertainment and we concluded by accepting the Captain's invitation for refreshments in the dining room below.

Saturday. Another just such a day, but we have now adjusted ourselves to the situation. "King's corner" has its usual occupant. It is a cosy lounging place just in the shadow of the grand staircase, here he reads or sleeps all his off deck hours away. We round the week with Mrs. Jarley's Wax Figures and tableau.

Sunday dawns gloriously, but it is so rolling that Lucile and I resolve not to go on deck till after service. Rev. Dr. Mutchmore, a Philadelphia clergyman of the Presbyterian church, preached a beautiful sermon, and Rev. Mr. Cowen, an Episcopal clergyman from the north of Ireland, read from the Scriptures. Mr. MacLean had hoped to have service for the steerage passengers, but the waves unfitting their deck for use it had to be given up, for which we were very sorry. The afternoon was quietly spent but in the evening, the bright full moon attracted all on deck. At 11 o'clock, however, according to the rule of the ship, there must be no more deck pacing, and we reluctantly retire.

Monday. This has been the most perfect day of the voyage so far, calm, pleasantly warm and comfortable. We expect to be in Glasgow to-morrow and are busy arranging our tour through the Highlands, etc. Whales have been frequently seen this afternoon, but now as I write, towards evening, we are waiting for the first sight of land so you will conclude that, all things considered, the Ypsilanti party have had a successful voyage.

The forthcoming Normal School Register, which is the name now adopted for the annual catalogue, shows that among the 1346 alumni sent out from the institution, 58 deaths have been reported, or 4.31 per cent. of the whole. Undoubtedly, there have been more deaths than that, but that is the number recorded. The number graduating in each class, and the per cent. of deaths reported in each, are as follows:

Per cent.	Class. deaths.	Per cent.	Class. deaths.	
1854.....	3 33 1/2	1851.....	7 14.28	
1855.....	13 23	1872.....	45 7	
1856.....	13 23	1873.....	45 2.77	
1857.....	13 45	1874.....	53 1.88	
1858.....	12 16% 1875.....	52	1876.....	67 1/2
1859.....	12 8%	1876.....	54 1/2	
1860.....	24 29	1878.....	83 3	
1861.....	12 8%	1879.....	80	
1862.....	19 15.26	1880.....	54 3.7	
1863.....	18 18%	1881.....	54 1.49	
1864.....	20 5	1882.....	73 1.37	
1865.....	24 8%	1883.....	98 2	
1867.....	18 10%	1884.....	102 1	
1868.....	19 5.69	1885.....	90	
1869.....	17 33.29			

Joseph Gilver, a Detroit bar-keeper, killed himself with a revolver, Tuesday evening. Monday evening, near Corunna, Wm. Craig was fatally stabbed with a pitchfork by his daughter and her husband, and died the same evening. Sunday evening, Milton Kolts, a boy of 16, was shot dead in the street in Detroit, and it is yet uncertain whether the killing was accidental or not. In the Wayne Circuit Court, Tuesday morning, two lawyers indulged in a fistcuff, in which Alfred M. Lucking, son of Joseph Lucking of this city, received a black eye at the hands of Wm. F. Atkinson, who was fined \$40 for contempt, and Lucking

Pittsfield. Insects are injuring the wheat and bald eagles are troubling the sheep in Pittsfield.

Mrs. Grove Sanders has returned from Charlotte. Her nephew, Chas. Ballard, from that place, spent Sunday with her.

Mr. Lay and family, of Rochester, are visiting at S. R. Crittenden's.

The elder Mrs. Harwood entertained a number of friends and relatives on Saturday.

Miss Smith, of Weston, was the guest of Miss Libbie Stevens, Sunday.

A new arrival at Pittsfield is Dan Shooter's—a little girl.

Old Mrs. Spencer who has been in town for some time has been taken to the county house.

Miss Etta Baker closed her school in district No. 6, Thursday.

An addition is to be made to the P. U. S. library.

Saline.

The 30th of June, orange blossoms are reported for Saline.

Geo. Neidham died the 19th from injuries received by being kicked by a colt.

The social at the Baptist parsonage the 15th cost \$20.

Graduation exercises at union school had the 24th.

A. M. Kelsey has secured the services of Fred Gauntlett in his grocery.

Lake Ridge and Saline miners crossed bats at Saline the 18th. Result: Saline 29, Lake Ridge 10.

Joseph Bickford, of Ypsilanti, spent a few days in town.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of John Gauntlett, of Moorville, and Miss Flora Forbes, of Saline.

F. E. Jones is improving his residence on McKey street by an addition.

Stony Creek.

The farmers have commenced haying. Corn is doing well.

The festival at the M. E. church on Friday last was attended by many and would have been much larger if many had not been there such a threatening appearance of storm. The estimated attendance was 150.

There is to be an ice cream and strawberry festival at Kelsey's on Thursday evening, 23d. A fine time is promised to all who attend. All are cordially invited.

The M. E. parsonage was struck by lightning Sunday morning, the 19th, at about 3 o'clock. It did considerable damage, tearing off siding, cracking plaster, tearing up floors, etc. Mr. McMahon and family were in the house at the time but were fortunately uninjured. Lightning is striking in numerous places this year.

Salem.

Fred I. Packard has returned from school at A. M. Kelsey.

President Elder John B. McElroy administered the ordinance of baptism to four at the quarterly meeting held at the Lapham church Sunday.

Farmers are cutting grass and it looks as though haying time had come again.

Wheat is rapidly ripening and looks well except where the insects are at their destructive work.

Miss Alice Quackenbush closes a very successful term of school next Saturday with a picnic in which exercises Mrs. Edith Townsend and school from the town line will join.

The old farm house at L. C. Quackenbush's was made to ring with joy and mirth on Saturday the 18th. The cause of which was the reception given to J. Quackenbush and his wife. The presents were of glassware, silverware, etc.

Mr. and wife will spend a few weeks visiting friends and then return to McBride, where he is engaged to take charge of schools for another year. We wish the young couple many happy returns of the day.

Belleview.

School closed Wednesday evening.

Graduation exercises will be held this evening (Thursday) at the M. E. church.

John Jewett has returned home.

Mrs. Sam'l Westfall is on the sick list.

A. Bradshaw is still very low.

Wm. Davis was home on a visit Sunday.

A terrible rain and wind storm made havoc with trees and buildings here last Friday evening.

The last day of this place will celebrate St. John's day by a festival tomorrow evening (Friday).

Miss Cora Lewis will leave for a visit to Mason, Tuesday.

About fifty of the friends of Eva Smith took possession of her home Friday evening and insisted on celebrating her seventeenth birthday. A splendid time was had. She was presented with a photograph album by the company.

Rawsonville.

C. Eaton spent Tuesday in Detroit.

Mrs. Hawley, of Leslie, is visiting relatives here.

J. Willard Babbitt of Ypsilanti, was the guest of W. J. Yekley and family.

The Good Templars gave a strawberry social last Saturday evening.

William Felz is making some new timber for the wooden factory.

Mr. Marvin has started a greenhouse in connection with the cheese factory.

The neighbors of W. W. Voorhees helped him to raise a granary and tool barn last Saturday morning.

Newcomb.

Died, Wednesday, June 15th, 1887, in the 88th year of his age, Mr. Samuel Mason. He was an Englishman by birth, has lived in Washtenaw county about 50 years, most all the time in the town of Augusta, has held many important town offices, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. A wife and six children are left to mourn his loss.

Little Myra Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Campbell of Augusta, died Thursday, June 16th, of scarlet fever in the